

Penn-Poems

By Mrs. R. E. Pennington



Brenham, Texas, Dec. 25, 1913

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*To R. E. Pennington, my Husband, the
good man who has made the world
so beautiful for me:*

TO ELIJAH

For two and twenty years, dear heart,
We've walked the way of life together,
With the same trust as at the start.
We're bravely facing all the weather.
On thru the swiftly fleeting years,
In winter's snows and suns of May,
There are no doubts and no sad tears,
For love does brighten all the way.

You know this sweeter, better way,
And fair as a rose the old world grows,
For as onward we go each day,
You shield me from the wind that blows.
A little looking for the light,
With some spreading of the blue,
And patience when 'tis sorrows night,
Is so easy when with you.

Dear heart, come good, and then come ill,
Be skies o'ercast or shining bright,
We'll slowly climb the rugged hill,
And watch the coming lonely night.
We'll wait and see when side by side,
Life's sun sink down the golden west;
Be with me pray, whate'er betide,
When cometh everlasting rest.

"LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG"

(Made of Names of Songs)

"In Calm October Days" they met,
 "In the Holy City,"
Her "Sweet Brown Eyes" attracted him,
 And she was quite pretty.
"Thou'rt Like Unto a Fow'r," he cried,
 Of girls thou art my choice,
I long to hear thee sing, I'd give
 "My Heart to Hear Thy Voice."

The moon was rising "At Nightfall,"
 And shining in glory,
When he whispered so "Sweet and Low,"
 The same dear old story.
"I Love Thee," 'twas so old yet new,
 Of all stories the best,
For happiness forever dwells,
 "Where Love Doth Build His Nest."

I know my place "Within Your Heart,"
 The blessed truth remains,
I would not live "Without Thee," she said,
 For all this world contains.
And when they wed for "Love's Coronation,"
 "The Old Church Bell" will ring;
"Fly Forth, O, Gentle Dove," and tell
 The other birds to sing.

"O, Perfect Love" attend their ways,
 Wherever they may roam,
And just "The Sweetest Flow'r that Blows"
 Grow near their "Home, Sweet Home."
May "Angels Ever Bright and Fair,"
 Send blessings from afar,
And sing, "The Lord In My Shepherd,"
 When they're "Crossing the Bar."

NATURE'S CATHEDRAL

Down forest ways, where green trees interlace,
And sunlight comes so softly shining through,
There's a cathedral vast, built in that place,
By nature's lavish hand for me and you.

On Sunday mornings we can go to church,
When first we hear the blue bells sweetly ring,
And every feathered songbird leaves his perch
To join the woodland choristers and sing.

The yellow jonquil candles stand alight
On sacred altar 'neath the oaken trees;
And Easter lily—Spring's sweet acolyte,
Is swinging perfumed censor to the breeze.

Come learn a lesson of the forest way,
And listen to the flower sermons rare;
The pansy gives you food for thought each day,
And modest violet hangs her head in prayer.

For perfect peace and sweet content here giv'n
Kneel down, with happy heart, on velvet sod,
And offer thanks for this grand glimpse of
heav'n,
And chance to know Nature and Nature's God.

THE POPPY SIGN

The silken sign of the poppy,
A place that has never grown old,
'Tis where pleasure always lingers,
And sweetest dreams are ever sold.

WHERE DO BUTTERFLIES SLEEP

Where do butterflies sleep at night?
In what bower do they repose?
Do they poise in a lily white,
Or dream in the heart of a rose?

To them does the queen of flowers
The secret of perfume disclose?
When they go from rosy bowers,
Are they the sweet soul of the rose?

Do they rest in the trees like birds,
And softly fold their downy wings?
Are they nightly flying in herds
Up to the stars, these airy things?

Does Queen Mab with her magic art
Close their dear little shining eyes?
Or do they pull her fairy cart
To where the brightest moonbeam lies?

Do butterflies play all night long
With merry elves and stars o'erhead?
Or do they die singing a song
Of the butterfly life they've led?

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

November weaves on her fairy loom
The saddest signs of Nature's gloom;
And crickets chirp on the dew-wet sod,
Where grows the yellow golden rod.

The roses went with summer's heat,
And hidden are their blossoms sweet,
With winds that sing so soft and low
You see the lovely Christ-flow'rs blow.

MORNING GLORIES BY THE WAYSIDE

Pink glory flowers growing by the wayside,
 Beautifying the weeds
With vines and tendrils running far and wide,
 And blossoms, buds and seeds.

Blue glory flowers blooming in the morning,
 Dew sparkling in each cup,
Satin petals the roadside adorning,
 Just as the sun comes up.

White glories of the morning, pale and rare,
 Beneath the shining skies,
Arc swayed like some maiden, frail and fair,
 Opening trustful eyes.

The trav'ler driving down the forest side,
 Where light and shadow chases,
Sees glory blooms his pathway to betide,
 Spring thick in lonely places.

Sweet blossoms of the dawn with loveliness
 This dusty byway graces,
Because glory flowers are born to bless
 And brighten ugly places.

PINK ROSES AT THE ELKS BALL

Sing a song of winter roses,
 Just as sweet as those of June,
 In my lady's arms reposes,
 While the music is in tune.

Sing a song of satin petals,
 Shining in the fairy light,
 Perfume 'round my lady settles,
 On this lovely winter night.

Sing a song of entrancing hours,
 While at the Elks pink rose ball,
 My lady midst dancing flowers,
 Is the sweetest rose of all.

ROSES

Beside the deep Aegean sea,
 Down where the sun-god arrows threw,
 Roses grew.
 Above were skies of softest blue,
 And sparkling dew upon them hung,
 While Love's sweet goddess from the lea,
 O'er them her rosy blushes flung.

Ond Love then cried, O queenly flow'r,
 Go spread your realm from clime to clime,
 Roses mine,
 To where the long Arctic nights do low'r.
 Or tropic sunlights burn and shine,
 Go roses fair and deck each bow'r.
 Sweet roses with your breath divine.

CLOVER

'Twas when this world was new I came,
 Ere rose or lily had a name,
 In silent earth, half life, half death,
 I op'd my eyes and drew my breath,
 'Neath Eden skies, so bright, so blue,
 In Eve's fair garden green I grew.

When gates were closed and fiery sword
 Was drawn to smite the sullen air,
 The flowers shrank in dark despair,
 And I alone of all the horde,
 Followed the guilty, wretched pair
 Into the world's sad, lonely snare.

I had no beauty but gave truth,
 And brought good luck in their sweet youth,
 And they were happy as could be.
 I bloomed and then my three fold leaf,
 Became the type of Holy Three,
 And blessings were on my green-sheaf.

SWEET PEAS

Like a small boat the sweet peas float
 In seas of summer air,
 With rope and spar they come afar,
 With set sail gleaming fair,
 By tendrils green and leaves between,
 At anchor they tarry,
 Where sweet peas grow rare odors flow,
 From the freight they carry.

Down the green vale comes the glad gale
 That would sail them away;
 The south winds strain, but all in vain,
 For anchor'd fast they stay,
 In dainty dress with soft caress
 Comes maiden sweet and fair,
 Looks intently, plucks them gently,
 And moors them in her hair.

THE HONEYSUCKLE VINE

He made his love a wee home-nest,
 All white without and white within,
 A house made of the very best
 He built to put his lassie in.

And by the doorstep planted he,
 A vine, that it might climb about
 The door, and frame enchantingly
 Her coming in and going out.

Frail honeysuckle fast it grew
 Up from its roots deep in the ground,
 Each tipping vase-like flower blew
 The sweetest odors all around.

Said he, "a bride sits at my hearth,
 And honey blooms are at my door,
 In all this happy, happy earth,
 No man was e'er so blest before."

Oh, many, many years have fled,
 The lover and his bride are dust,
 But 'round the crumbling home-nest spread,
 The honey vine still keeps its trust.

POMEGRANATE

From the tropic suns I draw my life
 And crimson deep; I grow in strife
 Of sun and air with passion rife.
 In dusky hair of Spanish maid,
 My scarlet bells are deftly laid,
 I sing of hope in that sweet shade
 And give to her a heart aflame
 With glow of love, but yet with shame
 At words that seem so weak and tame.

PANSIES IN A GARDEN

In dewy freshness pansies grow,
 In queer, old-fashioned garden beds,
 Their sweetest perfume they bestow,
 And ever to the skies
 They lift their velvet heads.

A baby found this garden fair,
 And clapped her tiny hands in glee,
 At types of innocence so rare,
 And nothing but the pure
 White pansies did she see.

A maiden came at eventide,
 Into this garden quaint and old,
 At yellow beds she knelt beside,
 To gather pansies that
 Were all of brightest gold.

A lonely mother entered here
 To seek the blossoms for the morrow.
 She knelt and softly dropped a tear,
 Where purple pansy heads
 Were dew-wet in their sorrow.

A mourning widow slowly came,
 In agony she held her breath,
 For life will never be the same,
 And pansies black she finds.
 In saddest hour of death.

In dewey freshness pansies grow,
 In queer, old-fashioned garden beds.
 Their sweetest perfume they bestow,
 And ever to the skies,
 The lift their velvet heads.

PANSIES FOR MRS. SARAH DWYER.

There is a pansy; that's for thought
 Of the sweet life that you have lead,
 Of the kind deeds that you have wrought,
 And of the beautiful prayers you've said.

Down pansied paths for eighty years,
 You've gone the straight way of the just,
 You've had your shares of smiles and tears,
 And in God you have placed your trust.

Like pansies you have sought the light;
 With fragrant kindness in your heart,
 You've made the lives of lov'd ones bright,
 And never failed to do your part.

Ever about your youthful feet,
 White pansies of innocence grew,
 Their perfume made your young life sweet,
 And love went all the ways you knew.

Purple pansies came for womanhood,
 And the lesson learned by mothers,
 The lesson you well understood,
 Of making life sweet for others.

Sunset pansies with hearts of gold.
 Are blooming where your feet now tread,
 And so sweetly have you grown old,
 There's a halo around your head!

There is a pansy—that's for thought,
 Of the sweet life that you have lead,
 Of the kind deeds that you have wrought,
 And of the beautiful prayers you've said.

JUST ONE LILY

(In Memory of Mrs. Joseph Tristram)
 A golden hearted lily tall and fair,
 Was blooming down by time's wonderful
 stream,
 And God's good Angels came and watch'd it
 there,
 And it was full of peace like a holy dream.
 From starry home they brought the sunshine
 bright,
 And this pure lily from the Heaven-land,
 Grew royal nature of a spotless white,
 And lightly it swayed at the wind's command.

Like blessings fell the sparkling summer rain,
 And as big pearls shimmer'd the morning dew,
 The lily's snowy petals had no stain,
 For in the care of Angels bright it grew.
 The Master came seeking lilies one day,
 And bent His steps down to this lotus stream,
 And where in dim twilight the shadows lay,
 Of this snow white lily he caught a gleam.

There were some other lilies straight and tall,
 That bloomed in beauty by this river bright,
 But this flower He wanted most of all,
 And lo! the lily went with the morning's light.
 From golden heart so sweet the tear drops fell,—
 Those tears were pearls-beads for our glory,
 And each pure pearl a message had to tell,
 Of heart so full of love for you and me.

We see but 'tis thru blinding tears and sighs,
 The parable old for us is dimly read,
 We look in sadness to the soft blue skies.
 E'er searching for our lov'd one who is dead.
 The fairest lily in our beautiful home,
 Began to droop and fade before our eyes.
 She's dead: she lives, and the Master has come,
 To gath'r a lily for His paradise.

PECAN TIME

We used to love the Summer,
 With bluest kind of skies,
And fleecy clouds afloat
 Off to where the daylight dies.
We used to love the roses,
 And lilies quite sublime;
Now we're just as joyous ,
 'Cause it is pecan time.

Red berries by the roadside,
 Shining in the harvest sun,
Purple bunches full of wine,
 Hanging where the grape vines run.
The forest brown beckons us,
 Where the leaves are falling down,
Carpeting the dew-wet sod,
 And pecans are on the groun'.

Golden rod lights her candles,
 When the day's work is o'er,
And icy breath of winter,
 Drives us in the open door.
By the fireside big and bright,
 Everybody is so cheery,
Cracking pecans on a frosty night,
 Who wouldn't be merry?

Do not grieve about the Summer,
 That has just passed away
Grasp the fun and frolic,
 That lies in the present day.
And pick out the rich kernel,
 When the nut is in its prime.
Cast aside the sorrow-shell—
 Be happy—'tis pecan time.

THE AUTUMN RAIN

The Indian summer sun rose in the eastern sky,
 When day had spread her softest tints of blue
 and gold;

The sun went down where clouds were mass'd
 up mountain high,
 As chill October day so full of dust grew old.

The lonely night wind came with smell of dusty
 sod,

And poppies red, and yellow headed golden
 rod;

The lonely night wind came with mournful strain,
 While dry old earth cried loudly for the au-
 tumn rain.

And o'er the prairies wide, and down the elder
 copse,

And thru the forest trees there fell the gentle
 drops,

The dreadful dust was gone, the lonely wind was
 dumb,

The world was silver-wet for autumn rain had
 come.

WINTER

The flowers have all met their death,
 And summer's bright glory has gone,
 The trees now ting'd by winter's breath,
 Are looking all sad and forlorn.

The atmosphere is grey and chill,
 And earth is old, and damp, and drear,
 For comes in quietude so still,
 The evening of the dying year.

There's beauty in the pure white snow,
 With flakes so softly falling down,
 And happy footsteps as they go,
 Make sweetest music in the town.

The children's voices singing sweet,
 Ring out so joyously and clear,
 As in unison glad they greet,
 The dear old winter that is here.

THE OLD IVY VINE

Green grows the ivy at a dear old home,
 In summer, winter, spring and fall,
 Long branches o'er the wide galleries roam,
 And are freely gather'd by all.

Few little things have given the pleasure,
 That has been brought by this old vine,
 Each season it is cut without measure,
 And sweet memories with it twine.

A dear, wee blossom op'ning with the dawn,
 And spring time ivy is lovely,
 When the dear Master says the chirst'ning morn
 Suffer the babe to come to me.

Sweet girl graduate stands with her essay,
 And ivy fresh with sparkling dew,
 Sees Summer love coming with delay,
 For she is innocent and true.

Splendid ivy when 'tis glorious fall time,
 With Cupid sitting on his perch,
 And two standing at the best of all-time,
 For wedding in the solemn church.

The useful green vine wanders to the grave,
 And it is life's sad Winter then,
 The glad soul goes to Him who died to save.
 While ivy says the last Amen.

WEE BABIES

(To Jack Williams)

There is a beautiful isle up the river of Time,
 Where the wee babies stay,
 And blue are skies that shine in that celestial
 clime,
 For it is always May.

It's the enchanted isle where the wee babies
 live,
 Who are to come on earth,
 And to them the dear Master human lives will
 give,
 On the days of their birth.

Around this fairy isle the blue birds flit and
 sing,
 In big trees evergreen,
 And sweetest flowers bloom in eternal Spring,
 Of fairest land e'er seen.

The river of Time sings lullabies sweet and low,
 While babies are sleeping,
 And the myriads of stars shining with softest
 glow,
 Night watches are keeping.

Cradled in the heart of the rose some wee ones
 lie,
 They're the soul of the rose,
 And e'er rocking babies to sleep lilies swing high
 With every breeze that blows.

(Continued on Next Page.)

Some from morning glory or pansy sip the dew
 When they wake from sweet sleep,
 And some hide under the leaves of the vi'lets
 blue
 Or in the tube rose deep.

But often to this isle the white robed angels
 come,
 When wee eyes are veiling,
 And they take a baby to bless some earthly
 Home,
 To life they go sailing.

And as the bark glides down Time's river, deep
 and blue,
 With angels propelling,
 The wee ones laugh for life is sweet and love is
 new,
 And saints prayers are telling.

The angels touch their harps of gold and sing
 this prayer,
 For lives of babies bright,
 They pray that the Father may keep them in His
 His care,
 And guide their hands aright.

And that He will lead the wee feet the narrow
 way,
 And make the heart so mild,
 That the little souls will grow in grace day by
 day,
 Like the lowly Christ Child.

THE SUNSHINE LADY.

(In memory of Mrs. L. J. Lockett.)

May be you've one just like her in your town,
 She's just a helpful little woman,
 With masses of dark hair and eyes of brown,
 And loving heart that's always human.

'Tis when the Fire Department owes a debt,
 She with bazaar is prompt to aid,
 And works with skill that you can ne'er forget,
 'Till every last penny is paid.

In civic work she always takes the lead,
 The streets are her especial care,
 And all her good advice you wisely heed,
 And cleanliness reigns everywhere.

In God's grand Church she toils with right good
 will,
 To help there is her dearest choice,
 And in the choir you hear the singing still,
 Of her sweet, and heaven-sent voice.

The fair and winsome brides in her confide,
 She decorates the church carefully,
 They have her kindest thoughts whate'er betide,
 She follows after them prayerfully.

When illness comes and there is no trained nurse,
 This sweet woman sits night by night,
 With no heavy drain upon your slim purse,—
 In doing good she takes delight.

To th' cemetery when your dear ones die,
 She goes to line the new-made grave,
 And shows the bow of promise in the sky,
 And points to Him who died to save.

This fine woman does good wheree'er she goes,
 Her heart is ever brave and true,
 For with a cheerful smile she meets life's woes,
 And no one ever saw her blue.

We all love her, she is in every town,
 And be life sunny or shady,
 She'll help us with a smile, she has no frown,
 For she is the Sunshine Lady.

We had one once just like her in our town,
 A dear lady with nameless grace,
 But she has gone to wear her heav'nly crown,
 And there's no one to take her place.

*WHAT ONE WEE GIRL SAID TO
ANOTHER WEE GIRL*

I'd like to turn into a good fairy,
 On one of those bright moonlight nights,
 And fly to some woodland eerie,
 And play with all the other sprites.
 I'd cast off the cares of a mortal,
 Like a garment that's seen it's day,
 Then I'd not have to enter the portal
 Of school where I just must obey.

I know a place in the lonely forest,
 Where dais'es glisten with the dew,
 And velvet-green grass looks it's very best,
 All sprinkled o'er with vi'lets blue.
 I'd make a platform in this fair Eden,
 Encircled with a golden light,
 And build it far from haunts of all sad men,
 Where elfin life is ever bright.

For music I would have the soft south breeze,
 That whispers, sighs, and sweetly sings,
 And fairy elves should dance under the trees,
 And flit around with downy wings.
 For food I'd eat the petals of the rose,
 And sip the dew from butter-cups,
 And busy bees should make me loveliest clothes,
 And trim them with johnny-jump-ups.

I'd have Naiads weave me a dainty crown,
 From spray of silver-crested wave,
 And for my jewel'd sceptre dive, deep down
 To coral reefs in ocean's cave.
 As royal highness, and a fairy queen,
 I'd grandly play the leading part,
 And hold the fairy world entranced, I ween,
 By just the magic of my art.

I would be glad to reign o'er elfin sprites,
 And play in their flowery dell,
 And when the bright moon passes with the
 nights,
 I'd sleep in a white lily bell.
 You see I'm tired of hard work with my books,
 Just sick of minding every rule,
 My teacher pleads, and gives me such sweet
 looks,—
 But I don't want to go to school.

*I'LL NOT BE HERE WHEN YOU
ARE GROWN*

(To Jack)

Dear baby with your great big eyes of blue,
And tiny upturned, saucy nose,
It's everybody that's in love with you,
From head down to your wee pink toes.
I'm sure you must have come from Sunshineland,
Where dreary shadows never fall,
And God's good angels tend the baby band,
In just the sweetest way of all.

I sit beside your cart and watch you play,
And see His glory in your eyes,
And hold your hand for fear you'll go away,
Back to your home beyond the skies.
Wish I could see you live your whole life thru,
I'm old and cannot stay so long,
And some fair day I'll be a-leaving you,
And never hear your baby song.

Dear Jack, please be the finest kind of man,
And lead a good and honest life,
Just live each day after the Master's plan
And there'll be no sad cause for strife.
Please scatter seeds of kindness 'long the way,—
You'll reap whatever you have sown,
And gather treasures for the crowning day,—
I'll not be here when you are grown.

JULIUS JR. TO HIS LITTLE SISTER.

Marguerite, let's play all the long day,
 Just in our rompers blue,
 At edge of fields where fairy wiolds,
 Her sceptre that's so true,
 There's a sparkling stream with golden gleam,
 And waters cool to wade,
 For boys and girls with beautiful curls,
 I'm sure that it was made.

We'll catch grasshopp'rs, such big fat whoppers,
 And use them for our bait,
 Then with a swish I'll land a fish,
 While you do watch and wait.
 On humblebees back we'll look for a white track,
 To see he doesn't bite,
 Then with a long string we'll tie his black wing,
 And have a buzzing kite.

Under the trees sway'd by each breeze,
 The sun comes shining through,
 Let's play in sands with our small hands,
 Just me and little you.
 We'll sing sweet ditties and make fine cities,
 And build some castles high,
 And have a moat and great big boat,
 On waters sailing by.

I'll be your knight and fight for right,
 As did the soldiers old,
 We'll make a pair, you lady fair,
 And I, your warrior bold.
 But when time flies and daylight dies,
 And it darkens o'verhead,
 And things do creep, and squirm, and peep,
 And we do grow afraid.

We'll fly away home never more to roam,
 With our wee little feet,
 In trundle beds we'll lay tous'led heads,
 And find some rest so sweet.
 When mother sings all cares take wings,
 And baby hearts grow light,
 To hush-a-bye lands not made with hands,
 We go when it is night.

* * * * *

Oh, babies bright, with souls so white,
 And hearts so sweet and true,
 What a long dull way they're going today,
 Who never have played with you.

WHY DON'T YOU SING.

Why don't you sing, lovely maiden?
 Why is your sweet voice still?
 The ambient air is not laden,
 With your melodious trill.

The death angel came with the night,
 And sorrow's brooding note,
 'Rose with all its despairing might,
 From out your slender throat.

Do not sit, and grieve and wonder,
 O'er life's sorrowful things,
 Burst the lowering clouds asunder,
 And soar on music's wings.

Sing with a rose in your blonde hair,
 And a smile on your face,
 For there is kindness everywhere,
 In spite of sorrow's trace.

Go, seek and find a pleasant nook,
 Sing of love pure and sweet,
 Face trouble with a steadfast look,
 And make your life complete.

For every loss there is some gain;
 And in each cup of rue
 That you sip in bitterest pain,
 There is some sweetness, too.

There's never a day so dreary,
 But some goodness appears;
 There's never a soul so weary,
 But some smiles mix with tears.

Think of dear ones in morning time,
 Tell in a dulcet tone,
 How they liv'd lives that were sublime,
 Ere they left you alone.

Don't let life's song go out in pain,
 Tho' it chance now to flow
 In minor strain, 'twill blend again,
 With major tone you know.

Sing, lift sad souls to sun-kist hills,
 And make poor hearts rejoice;
 To fill the world with music's thrills
 God gave you your sweet voice.

THE SOCIETY REPORTER

Like human birds, dealing in words,
 The society reporter sings,
 Of club meetings, joyous greetings,
 And many other social things.
 She has access in the daily press,
 To the honey in ev'ry word,
 She spreads it thick, it makes one sick,
 For sometimes she is quite absurd.

With beautiful here and lovely there,
 And tallest and stateliest palms,
 Of sweet roses and rare posies,
 In the church where they read the psalms,
 On Easter morn when joy is born,
 And all things resurrected are,
 She sings sweetly, tells completely,
 That Christ is risen everywhere.

Of happy pair, he debonair,
 And she the fairest of all brides,
 Each attendant so resplendent,
 And many other notes besides,
 Of the long trip in the big ship,
 With two souls lovingly blended,
 She neatly writes when it is night,
 And the swell wedding is ended.

With chicken salad she has dallied,
 'Til she's afraid to face a hen,
 Delicious cake, it makes one quake,
 For she starts all over and then,
 Of collation for delectation,
 Of Epicurean appetites,
 Served in grand style with a sweet smile,
 Pages of foolscap she indites.

To her credits when she edits,
 The society reporter's page,
 It may be said when she is dead,
 She wrote sweet words of every age,
 She's ever kind and bear in mind,
 That she always says beautiful things,
 There'll be no wait at pearly gate,
 For surely she has won her wings.

THE MAIDEN'S SOLILOQUY

(With Apologies to Shakespeare)

To wed or not to wed, that is the question,
 Whether 'tis nobler in society to suffer
 The love and jealousy of so many young men,
 Or to take up arms against a sea of attentions,
 And by marrying end them? To love, to marry,
 No more—and by marrying to say we end
 The heart aches and thousand petty troubles,
 That maidens are heir to—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To love, to marry,
 To marry perchance to be miserable, aye there's
 the rub,
 For in that state of wedlock what troubles may
 come,
 When we have shuffled off our happy girlhood,
 Must give us pause; there's the respect,
 That makes us honor an old maid's life.
 Yet with a good man's love, we could bear the
 whips of time,
 The scorn of mothers-in-law, the criticism of
 neighbors,
 The grunt and sweat of ceaseless cookery,
 The insolence of servants, the cares of the house-
 keeper,
 Just to be with the sweet heart of our hearts,
 And know the joys of wifehood. Thus the de-
 sire to marry,
 Is encouraged by the devotion of our soul's mate,
 And conscience doth make heroines of us all
 For who would not rather be a happy and be-
 loved wife,
 Than to sit and endure a lonely old age,
 By a dreary fireside, with a single cat?

JUST SMILE

When Ella Wheeler Wilcox said,
 "Laugh and the world laughs with you,"
 The saying came from a wise head,
 For there was ne'er a truth more true.

Why should you ever tell troubles?
 Can't you see no one really cares?
 Just catch laughter in life's bubbles,
 Ere they burst with all it's despairs.

If some one treats you unkindly,
 Just smile and brush away all fears,
 And do not go groping, blindly
 Striving to hide the burning tears.

If illness comes with the morrow,
 And you are full of awful pain,
 Learn to hide each hurt and sorrow,
 And cheerfulness will come again.

As down the crowded street you tread,
 To everybody you must say,
 In spite of the ache in your head,
 "I'm quite well, how are you today?"

Just keep your thoughts up in the blue,
 Where silv'ry clouds are shining bright
 And laughter will come singing thru,
 Filling your darkest hour with light.

Laugh and bravely face your trouble,
 For cursing fate is not worth while,
 Thoughts of sorrow make it double,
 And life loves a man who can smile.

TEXAS AND HER FLAGS

'Twas in the great creation's earliest dawn,
 And o'er the boundless deep was darkest
 night,
 The Spirit mov'd waters when thou wert born,
 And said in solemn tones, "Let there be light."

The first ensign that did love thee, Texas,
 Was of blue skies when sang the morning
 stars,
 And that grand flag is still above thee, Texas,
 So full of countless bright adorning stars.

In sixteen eighty five La Salle found thee,
 As sweet as debutante dress'd for the dance,
 The wild flow'rs bloomed and birds sang around
 thee,
 And he bade thee wear the lilies of France.

Alas, beside the Neches La Salle soon lay,
 A leaden bullet was in his big brain,
 De Leon named thee Texas for alway,
 And proudly wav'd the flag of sunny Spain.

Soon missions were the order of the day,
 And cowl and carbine laid that ensign low,
 The Spaniards were no longer in full sway,
 When thou wert conquer'd by old Mexico.

In thirty-six at dear old Washington,
 The glorious light of freedom shone afar,
 On San Jacinto's field liberty was won,
 And high above thee was the Single Star.

The Union Stars then showed appreciation,
 As they saw naught thy loveliness to mar,
 And asked thee to join the constellation,
 And bring thy flag with it's gleaming Lone
 Star.

"Stay with the Union lest there be regret"
 But with secession of thy sister stars,
 Old Houston's brave advice thou didst forget,
 And soon were standing with the Stars and
 Bars.

Under these famous flags thy useful life
 Has been a long and interesting story,
 There can be no division and no strife,
 While shielded by the folds of Old Glory.

WASHINGTON-ON-THE-BRAZOS.

Thou art like an old abandoned house.
 Regret, sentinel like, guards the door,
 Rue lies upon the threshold and
 Hidden with rosemary is the floor.

Hung with fabrics of long-lost dreams
 Are thy ancient, cobwebbed walls,
 The light from thy shattered windows
 Through deserted rooms softly falls.

Exquisite melodies start from silence,
 Haunting memories of a dead past.
 On mantels are roses long ago crushed,
 Their perfume breathing to the last.

Ghostly forms of the lost yesterdays
 Shrouded in dream draperies flit round,
 They peer at you with mournful eyes,
 And vanish at an unexpected sound.

In a cedar chest, sweet with lavender,
 Thy sad memories are laid away;
 For thee there is no rebuilding—
 Nothing but despair and decay.

Thou art nearing thy eathly end,
 No rainbow of promise spans thy sky;
 Thy shining glories have departed, but
 Thy matchless history can never die.

*THE PHANTOM SHIP—THE ANGEL
OF THE SEA*

Lightning, thunder, and rain, the tempest blew,
 There was a storm out in the sea,
 And every soul said some prayers that were
 true,

For the waves were raging violently.

Down stormy ways the phantom ship quick
 came,

That passed us in the lonely night,
 And all her candle-stars were tipped with flame,
 That gleamed upon our eager sight.

We heard her softly fleeting footsteps sound,
 And caught her whistles spoken word,
 And all the waters that surged dark around
 Fell calm, and no sad sound was heard.

Today the sea has tuned anew his lyre,
 And in his voice so glad there seems
 To be a hint of his great heart's desire,
 That life be full of peaceful dreams.

"Why sing, O, sea this new entrancing song,
 You did not sing on yester-night?
 A stormy tune you sang the way along,
 Like some old sailor full of fright."

I asked the great big sea, and slowly fell
 His whispered words into my ear;
 "Of last night's grand miracle I will tell,
 For a most wondrous form was here.

She came adown the wave-crested aisles,
 And all her beauty shone around,
 Far gleaming o'er the many weary miles,
 By sky and deep blue waters bound.

And from her bow the tulle ruffles went past,
 And vanished into shadow lace,
 While from her water line to her mast,
 She moved in sweet infinite grace.

My heart was sad, a storm was on the deep,
 Until she passed and spoke to me;—
 She softly rocked the rolling waves to sleep,—
 She was the Angel of the Sea.

Sunrise, sunset, the lovely moon at night,
 It' all a beautiful deep blue sea,
 And afar away the waves go dashing white,
 To join the skies immensity.

BED-TIME

Wee girl lay in her trundle bed,
 With hands folded above her head,
 And innocent eyes fixed on me,
 While a shadow came o'er their glee.

"Mother," said she, "when I seek sleep,
 I pray dear God my soul to keep,
 And he comes and bears it away,
 To the home where the angels stay.

And in the gardens, over thee,
 Watered by silv'ry stream so fair,
 I find roses and lilies white,
 And sing with angels all the night.

In morning when I awake from sleep,
 Back comes the soul God had to keep,
 And I remember beaut'ful dreams,
 And angels bright, and shining streams."

DEAR LITTLE HANDS

Dear little hands! I lov'd them so,
 And now they are under the snow,
 Under the snow so cold and white,
 And I cannot clasp them tonight.

Brave little hands I miss them so,
 All thru the day where'er I go,
 I miss them thru the weary hours,
 As others miss the sweet flowers.

Little hands are gone from me now,
 No more will they rest on my brow,
 Never again smooth my sad face,
 And clasp my hands with childish grace.

Dear hands when the Master shall call,
 With summons that comes to us all,
 When my feet touch the waters cold,
 And I see the city of gold.

Wee hands if I watch for the gate,
 Where the white robed angels e'er wait,
 I wonder among the bright bands,
 If you'll beckon, dear little hands?

R. E., THE BOY SCOUT

He's gone, they say he went away
 With the day's brightest noon,
 And life is bare and full of care,
 For he left all too soon.
 He went about this manly scout,
 Ever seeking the good,
 And helpless things with tiny wings,
 He always understood.

There are no flaws in twelve scout laws,
 And he was obedient,
 Each law was dear to him while here,
 For he was reverent.
 Morally straight he could not wait,
 Tho physically strong,
 To go thru life with all its strife,
 Until his days were long.

Of little feet and heart so sweet,
 And hands that were willing,
 Life does not ask another task,
 And he's done with drilling.
 Just twelve sweet years with no sad tears,
 And his story was told,
 He op'ed his eyes in glad surprise,
 Upon the sands of gold.

He is camping ever tramping,
 In fullness of content,
 On Eden's shore, forevermore,
 He's pitched his little tent,
 His dear mother, like no other
 While here his sunshine shared,
 She call'd her boy, he went with joy,
 For he was well prepar'd.

AS SAIL THE SHIPS

The sun shines in the sky so bright,
And on the sea it's splendor pours,
A ship comes sailing into sight,
From the far away golden shores.

Soft breezes stir the great white sail,
As into life's glad port it steers,
And sweetest music does not fail
To blend with the welcoming cheers.

She's freighted full of precious stores,
And a wee life is welcomed in,
The boat comes from the unknown shores,
To bring a soul all free from sin.

The sun sinks in the western sky,
And dark shadows foretell the night,
On lonely shores the waves dash high,
And a ship soon sails out of sight.

Sad music mingles with the blasts,
As out to sea the good ship steers,
And grey and tall the shadowy masts,
Are seen thru mists of blinding tears.

An age'd soul is sailing away,
And it drifts o'er an unknown sea,
While the sad mourners watch and pray,
On this side of eternity.

The ships sail in and they sail out,
And wee ones come in with gladness,
Youth greets life with a merry shout,
While age sails away in sadness.

MOTHER, HOME AND HEAVEN

Dear mother is the sweetest word
That e'er by sinful man is spoken.
From baby's lips this sound is heard
When first their silence still is broken.

And home is next to mother sweet
The blessed word that e'er we cherish,
Upon that spot our memories meet
Until in death we all do perish.

O, heav'n! what word can equal thee?
For there sweet home and dearest mother
Both given back our own shall be,
Each blent in love with one another.

OLD AGE IN BLINDNESS

Oh, it's a sad thing to be old,
Even when there is kindness,—
The saddest story ever told,
Is of old age and blindness.

There was no light in the blue skies,
To cheer her lonely mind,
And pitiful were her dim eyes,
For she was sick and blind.

Her feet for six and eighty years,
Had walked the way of the just,
She met each sorrow with no fears,
For God was all her trust.

'Twas strangely quiet last night she slept,
With hands on icy breast,
While watchers their sad vigils kept,
Over her perfect rest.

The pallid lips did not uncloze,
To tell what no one knows,
Of voyage to brighter better shores,
Away from earthly woes.

The heart gave no answering thrill,
And mute was the sweet voice,
The dear God had said, "Peace, be still,"
And death became her choice.

In dying blindness left her eyes,
Of smiles there was a trace,
For with glad gleams of rapt surprise,
She saw the Master's face.

THE JUST SHALL WALK WITH GOD
(In Memory of Miss Julia)

Those who are left shall walk the way,
That her tired feet have just gone thru,
And flow'rs that bloom so sweet each day,
Fresh in the gardens gemm'd with dew,
Will bring some thought of sadness too.

At morn when joyful songs of a bird,
Remind of music far more sweet,
They'll listen for a kindly word,
And tread of patient feet,—
Those sounds no more on earth to be heard.

And all the ways she used to go,
And all the paths that she did tread,
Will beckon those who lov'd her so,
But they will go with bended head,
For their beloved one is dead.

And her tired feet are softly shod,
In sandals light in other lands,
And footprints of a tender God,
E'er go with hers in golden sands,—
Always the just shall walk with God.

AUTUMN

The spirit of summer went with the dying days,
Her skirts left on the fields sweetness of her
passing,
On slope of hills purple grapes cluster on the
vine,
And sweetest music is made by gossamer wings.
The falling leaves in brown, crimson, and gold
combine,
And perfumes in the air are swiftly fleeting
things,
In golden haze the clouds of sunset are mass-
ing,—
For on the earth the beauty of the autumn lays.

TOO LATE IN LIFE

There are some things that come too late in life,
 Some things that I wanted so bad,
 If they had come some earlier in the strife,
 What a good time I could have had.

No good is a house with furniture rare,
 And pictures of value untold,
 And an auto to take me everywhere,
 When I am sick, crippled, and old.

All pride in a fine library passes,
 And of good books I have no need,
 When I am always looking for glasses,
 And am too old and blind to read.

The lovely gowns and swaying willow plumes,
 When I have grown wrinkled and thin,
 Create sorrow so great that it consumes,
 And makes a heavy heart within.

What's the use of necklaces and di'mond rings,
 When my collar bones plainly show,
 And on my hands the mark that rheumatism
 brings,
 Has made big corns that I deplore?

I've no need of money when I'm dying,
 In early youth I had to wait,
 Now that I'm old and time is fast flying,
 The dear dollars come most too late.

The sweet flowers I longed for when living,
 Will be scattered o'er my last bed,—
 This pleasure is for those who are giving,
 I'll not need them when I'm dead,

Life's shadows fall on the foot of the hill,
 And I am on the sundown slope,
 That I may walk with you, come good, come ill,
 Dear heart, is my last earthly hope.

He said, "Believe and ye shall never die,"
 Trust the Master and learn to wait,
 Angel wings will come winnowing the sky,
 And surely they'll not come too late.

PACKING HIS THINGS

"Grandpa, what makes you stop and pack your things?"

Asked little laddie in his winning way,
When the aged man quit the tops and strings,
And left the tiny boy to play.

"Come here to me, my wee grandchild," said he,
"And I will let you watch me as I pack,
It's getting late for me, and dark o'erhead,
And from this trip I'll not be coming back."

The old, old man so sadly wiped a tear,
As he gazed down upon the ancient grip,
And told the story of his life each year,
Up to the taking of this long trip.
"Good things I've found thruout these ninety
years,
And I am done with sorrow and with sin,
I'm packing to go where there are no tears,
And I'm putting my sweet memories in.

Here are the childhood thoughts so sweet and
true,
That my dear sainted mother, long since dead,
Taught me of the lowly Christ-Child so pure,
And they will please the angels overhead.
And next goes in my consecrated manhood,
And happy life with your good grandmother;
Oh, earth is great when we are understood,
And live each day to love one another.

I'm packing in the sunny days with her,
 She whom I loved so fondly seventy years,
 'Twas good to go all the world's ways with her,
 For she placed trust in God and had no fears.
 When my heart's idol went away I'm sure,
 She stopped beyond the sunset's rim,
 Where love divine will evermore endure,
 To wait my coming in the twilight dim.

In go the children bright, who blessed our home,
 And filled life full of sunshine for awhile,
 Too soon they left us o'er the world to roam,
 For when 'tis grown you cannot keep a child.
 I'll just throw in to take with me O'er There,
 The honest life I tried to lead and then,
 Maybe can say I did some good while here,
 And that I always helped my fellow men.

I've kept the faith and fought the good old fight,
 And now I'm thru with all this earth can
 bring,
 My trip will be to the Eternal Light,
 And that is why I'm packing everything.
 Dear laddie, try to lead a good, clean life,
 And do your walking in the Master's track,
 Avoid the countless sins and awful strife,
 And you'll have good deeds when you come to
 pack."

* * * *

Soft came the shadows o'er the sunset's rim
 And oh, so slowly came the old man's breath,
 The wayworn grip was locked in twilight dim,—
 The key was with the Grey Angel of Death.

PRAIRIE LEA CEMETERY.

Slowly the long procession wended its sad way,
 To the top of the hill,
 To where in narrow beds the silent sleeper lay,
 So strangely quiet and still.

It pass'd the wide portals so many have gone
 through,
 To lonely *Prairie Lea*,
 To the last resting place under the sod and dew,
 Of those who've sailed death's sea.

The one who went in front was icy cold and still,
 And her life work was done,
 No more for her the light will shine upon the hill,
 At setting of the sun.

The tranquil lids will never lift from tired eyes,
 Those eyes that only see
 The white radiance that's gleaming in the starry
 skies,
 From all eternity.

No late learned lesson the pallid lips will dis-
 close,
 Of voyages o'er death's sea,
 They cannot tell the sad secret that no one knows,
 Of quiet *Prairie Lea*.

In peaceful *Prairie Lea* there's rest that knows
 no pain,
 None wake for love's sweet sake,
 And none e'er rouse for gentle thrill of heart or
 brain,
 From sleep that will not break.

The one in front had roses rare and lilies white,
 Strewn o'er her new-made grave.
 She went to Him and heeded not the flowers
 bright—
 He died her soul to save.

In perfect peace the Grey Angel winged his long
 flight,
 With her immortal soul,
 Over the unknown sea where cometh no dark
 night,
 And death's waters ne'er roll.

Into the twilight shadows the Grey Angel flew,
 Where no sad eyes could see,
 He bore her sinless soul through earthly mist and
 dew,

Away from *Prairie Lea*

FORGOTTEN

(Written for My Sister, Mrs. A. M. Krug)

When earthly joys do beckon us away,
 And in the fullness of content
 We see the bow that spans the bright noon day,
 In each blue sky above us bent,
 The lure of the wide world draws us today,
 And o'er the verdant hills we go,
 Carelessly forgetting to stop and pray,
 At graves of those sleeping below.

Swiftly pass the rosy hours of pleasure
 And gladly go the hours of gain,
 But death takes from us all some dear treasure,
 And sends some sad and bitter pain,
 Upon the heart strings sorrow softly plays,
 And tomorrow holds Fate's decree.
 We should remember as we go life's ways,
 Dear ones in peaceful Prairie Lea.

The Master said, "Lay ye your burdens down,"
 And hushed was the voice ever more,
 For on the dear head was a starry crown,
 As the feet touch'd the Eden shore.
 When you clos'd the eyes that gave you,
 All the joys that hearts can crave,
 Did you think you could forget to save you,
 Prairie Lea and the lonely grave?

We are so full of our daily cares,
 We have no time to stop and think,
 In Prairie Lea the weeds grow unawares,
 And from self reproach we shrink.
 It's our sacred duty to protect them
 These graves of those we once held dear;
 And do you think it's right to neglect them,—
 They who lov'd us so well when here?

MY GRANDMOTHER

This life has ben a pleasant trip for me,"
 Said my grandmother as she lay
 On her death bed, where the tired eyes could see
 The close of the sad summer day.
 The shadows of sunset were gath'ring fast,
 And night was coming on apace,
 And golden glows that were too bright to last,
 Were shining on her dear old face.

"I've had a joyful trip most all the way,"
 She softly murmured so low,
 I knelt to catch the words she had to say,
 Of the dead days of long ago.
 The aged hands were all wither'd and worn,
 And weary were the pilgrim feet,
 But there were no complaints of sorrows borne,
 For all the memories were sweet.

The Black Camel had knelt before her door,
 Out times in the days of her past,
 To bear away lov'd ones who came no more,
 But left her for the very last.
 As she lay dying there was no regret,
 O'er trials so patiently borne,
 And forgotten was the sorrow she met,
 And the anguish her heart had torn.

"It's beautiful, the way the Master goes,"
 The dear grandmother faintly said;
 And she was thru with all these life time woes—
 There was a halo 'round her head.
 So with sweet thoughts, not of sorrow and strife,
 But of the beauty of her past,
 She died, saying, "This was a glorious life
 For me, from the first to the last."

* * * * *

For others may my time be gladly spent,
 And all my days be filled with sweet content,
 And God grant, at ninety, that I may say,
 I've had a pleasant trip all the long way.

GOING TO GERMANY.

*(Written for my sister, Miss Rosa Williams, to
read the day she sailed from Galveston on
the Chemnitz for Germany.)*

With wind and tide o'er ocean wide,
The Chemnitz sails today.
The sun shines low across her bow,
The sea gulls scream and play.
The white wave-crests dash on their breasts,
As they go swimming past.
The cool breeze blows the good ship goes,
Flag flying from her mast.

She has on board of my small board,
A very dear treasure.
Just one choice rose in grace she grows,
Sweet beyond all measure.
Rose of star-land sails to far-land,
Across the deep blue sea,
May she come back o'er ocean's track,
To lov'd ones and to me.

When shadows creep o'er mystic deep,
At quiet close of day,
Memory croons some sweet old tunes,
That bear all cares away.
And eyelids close on day time woes,
And life is love and light,
For in sweet dreams 'mid golden gleams,
Comes Mother's face so bright.

This is my pray'r, that in His care,
May my sweet sister be,
With trust and love in One above,
She is safe on the sea.
When life's day fades, and comes death shades,
And she anchors afar,
Mother meet her, with love greet her,
Beyond the harbor bar!

RIGHT NOW.

I've just one happy life to live, that's all,
 One second at a time, and then
 My hours on earth are gone beyond recall,
 And I'll not come this way again.

So I must do the very best I can
 To follow near as I know how
 The Master's counsel wise, and heavenly plan,
 To cheer and help some one right now.

And there must be no waiting for the morrow,
 Maybe for me 'twill never come;
 You see the future time I can not borrow,
 To add to life's present small sum.

Then I must try to do whate'er I can
 To help all of my fellow men,
 And it must be right now, you understand,
 For I'll not come this way again.

Reply to "Right Now" by Mr. A. D. Milroy.

RIGHT NOW.

While glancing o'er the daily news in Press,
 I found a precious jewel set in verse;
 It made me close my eyes to everything,
 Except the pulsing thought to me so terse
 "Right Now."

It was not that the verse was set to form,
 A gem of poesy, or thought serene,
 But 'cause it built itself in flesh and blood,
 And showed to me a countenance oft seen,
 Just Now.

About the sick, the sorrowing and the sad,
 Alleviating all the pain she can,
 And taking for her image in the work
 The gentle, soothing touch, the Son of Man,—
 Right Now.

I cannot call her features passing fair,
 Because by many a vigil they are traced;
 Nor yet by nature is she great endowed,
 But by the Spirit she is sweetly graced,
 Just Now.

'Tis true, she may not pass this way again,—
 We cannot always have her presence near,
 But we may catch her spirit 'fore it leaves
 And thank our God she passed while we were
 here,

Right Now.

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 We cannot always have her presence near.
 But we may catch her spirit 'fore it leaves
 And thank our God she passed while we were
 here,
 Right Now.

Prize Article U. D. C. Literary Contest.
SO SAITH SHE OF THE OLD REGIME.
(My Mother.)

The war is done and set of sun,
 Has cast the afterglow;
 There's perfect peace and glad release,
 From all the days of woe.

I sit tonight and watch the light
 Fade from the earth and sky;
 'Tis the calm hour whose magic pow'r
 For me can never die.

The very sound and scene around
 Seems like a quiet dream;
 And soft and low, where lilies grow,
 I hear the murm'ring stream.

The busy bee has left the lea,
 And gone to rest at last;
 A purple light, transparent, bright,
 On fleecy clouds is cast.

Each drop of dew reflects the hue
 Of the light from afar,
 And high above where all is love,
 Shines the bright ev'ning star.

The deep'ning gray of dying day,
 Soothes every morbid thought,
 And I have rest that is the best,
 With peace that I have sought.

Dear God, send joy, without alloy,
 And beauty to the night;
 Teach me to know Thy will below,
 And guide my steps aright.

OH, LORD, TEACH US TO PRAY.

In life's early roseate dawn,
 When we look with baby eyes,—
 Fresh with the dews of morn
 From God's blue shining skies,—
 Upon this bright old earth,
 And clap tiny hands in mirth,
 Let saintly Mother softly say,
 Oh, Lord, teach us to pray.

In the noontide's scorching heat,
 When with sweet, womanly hearts,
 And God-given courage we meet,
 All poisoned shafts and darts,
 There need ne'er be the slightest fear,
 He in tender mercy will hear,
 That faintly murmured lay,
 Oh, Lord, teach us to pray.

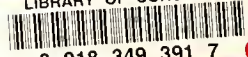
When cometh the dark'ning night,
 And sad hearts wish for rest,
 And aged souls long for flight,—
 Feeling life's a burden at best,
 Fold tired hands on weary breasts,
 Christ will help us stand the tests,
 Down the dark ,the lonely way,
 Oh, Lord, teach us to pray.

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